

Randy Cunningham: Ultimate Ninja

by PaxRomaDacia

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Summary: Randy Cunningham, now in 11th grade, has grown in his ninja prowess as a true guardian of Norrisville. However, when a new evil rises to threaten the world, Randy must push himself to his limits in order to save it all. New abilities, new villains, and new relationships shape Randy's new journey to become... The Ultimate Ninja!

1. Chapter 1

Authors note: I recently watched the entire series of Randy Cunningham 9th grade Ninja. It was a really fun show. Which is why I am saddened that it will never get a season 3 to finish things off. So I decided to make my own sequel fan series of the show, a fun little idea to alleviate the disappointment.

Not much else to say except I hope you enjoy the start. It'll get better in the next chapters.

****Prologue: Ninja Morning****

****O-O-O****

It was an ordinary sunny day in Norrisville.

Morning had just risen in the small town, preparing everyone for the new day under a bright sun. With summer in its final weeks, the early warm autumn had begun along with the new school year for students. Almost everyone in town was unaware of the identity of its masked protector, the one who has defended it since its inception; the Ninja.

Granted there were many ninjas that used to exist, but the Ninja of Norrisville was not like others. Every four years, a new Ninja would be chosen for the role, and the current Ninja was an ordinary

teenager from Norriville High school. The last thing anyone would expect is a kid to be a hero, but it never mattered what age you were; anyone could be a hero.

Somewhere downtown of Norriville, an armored truck was driving down the road, transporting large sum of cash to the bank for deposit. Usually the driver and his passenger rider had no worries that they would be robbed, but recently there had been a rise in crime due to unknown reasons and they was more cautious than usual.

Unfortunately for the occupants, they were right about their cautiousness. Out of the rear view mirror, the driver saw a green car suddenly turn right behind them and kept a steady trail behind, and before he could see it coming, another red car made a left turn from an intersection to block his lane.

With both cars turning to brake, everyone inside them got out and were ready to rob his cargo.

"Get out!" Shouted one of the robbers in a southern accent, quickly running over to the driver's door with an assault rifle in his hands.

The occupants thought they were safe in the car, knowing that the windows were bulletproof. That is until the robber shot a few bullets at the window, just missing the passenger and managing to pierce through the glass.

"I said get out!" The robber shouted again, with the guards complying as they got out.

Not only did these robbers back some serious heat, their leader who just shot through bulletproof glass with an assault rifle; most likely some kind of armor piercing ammo. But they didn't look like the more common street gangs or thugs that have gotten bolder at robbing others on the streets.

The robbers wore black cargo pants with military styles boots and gloves, their upper half bodies had black long sleeved shirts with matching black ski masks to hide their faces, covering their shirts with olive green military styled jackets.

Whoever these robbers were, they were far more than your ordinary criminals.

"Get this door open!" Shouted the leader, seeing another robber with a crowbar go behind the armored car with two others backing him up.

"You won't get away with this." One of the guard said, getting kicked down on his knees and his hands around his head.

"Really?" The leader said, letting his own men remove the guard's guns and taking them. "You're being robbed by gunpoint and you still have hope?"

"You haven't been around Norrisville for long, have you?" The other guard commented.

The leader just chuckled, hearing the sound of the back doors of the

armored car pried open as his men brought over duffle bags, stuffing as much cash as they can carry.

"And who's gonna stop us?"

Before the leader could realize, a red cloth wrapped itself around his gun, tearing it away from his hands and into the grip of a slim and tall figure who jumped on top of the armored truck.

The Ninja himself; Randy Cunningham

"Clearly, you've never met me." Quipped Randy, gripping the gun in his hands. "Oh and uh, I'm not a big fan of guns, soâ€¦"

Randy easily managed to disassemble the pieces of the gun, clattering the remains on the top of the truck before the robber's very eyes, still in shock that the stories were true.

"What are ya'll starin' at? Shoot this freak!" Ordered the leader, whose men began to open fire on the Ninja with their pistols.

Randy easily dodged the bullets, leaping over the truck and behind the robbers who couldn't keep track of the acrobatic flip behind them. By the time they turned around to point their guns at Randy, he used his red scarf to wrap around the robber's hands, yanking away the pistols in unison.

"Glad you missed me." Randy quipped. "Get it? Missed me? Haha, that was great!"

The robbers didn't seem to care much for Randy's quips, only getting annoyed by the boy as they got ready to fight up close. Three robbers were ordered to still take money out from the back, the rest would take on the Ninja, their leader taking out a bowie knife to fight.

"Get em!"

The robbers charged at Randy, clearly underestimating the boy's abilities who dodged the first punch and judo flipped one attacker to the ground. Another tried coming at him with a clenched fist, but a few quick jabs to the gut knocked down the next attacker.

"You guys couldn't wait for the cash to get to the bank, could you?" Randy joked, ducking down a punch to kick another attacker's legs down to the ground.

Randy blocked a few punches from the next man, just catching a glimpse of the knife heading towards his face. He kicked his current attacker away from him, who tripped over one of his downed comrades in action. Randy easily knocked the knife away from the man's hands, roundhouse kicking him at his sides while ducking to avoid a punch from a robber who just got up.

A quick uppercut to the chin stopped his current attacker, while he flipped over another robber getting up only to slam his leg down on his torso, making sure he stayed down this time.

"Come on, guys." Randy mock complained. "You can do better than that."

Randy gave the last two robbers a chance to get up, with one of them charging at him again while the leader picked up his knife. The man who charged at Randy didn't last long, and one kick to the face later, he was sent flying to the ground.

The last man got his knife again, gripping it tightly with the intent of making his foe into swiss cheese.

"You and me, Rambo." The ninja quipped, letting the leader charge with a shout.

It was too easy for him. Randy easily side stepped from the incoming slash, dodging each attack with overconfidence and pride and tiring the attacker.

"Stay still, damn it!"

"That makes it too easy." Randy replied.

All this did was make the man angrier, and he slashed furiously at the boy. Every attack was a miss, and all it did was tire him out to the last breath, and all Randy could do was cross his arms and shake his head.

"I'll give you this; you tried harder than the others." Randy said to the exhausted robber.

He decided to end this fight, using his scarf to grab onto the man's hand and pull him towards his direction, sending a fist flying to his face. The leader was knocked back to the pavement, groaning in pain as the others men around did the same thing.

"Ninja!" One of the guards shouted, getting Randy's attention who ran towards the guards to check on them.

"Are you two okay?" Randy asked in a more concerned tone.

"Don't worry about us. Those robbers are getting away."

The guard pointed to the red car, seeing that the three men from earlier were throwing duffle bags of cash in the backseats.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" One of the robbers said, starting the car and revving the engine.

Randy knew he had more to do, running to the robbers in a hurry and whipped his scarf to the robber with the crowbar. He easily pulled the man away from the car, yanking him towards the pavement and knocked him out with a punch to his face.

"Oh cheese!" Randy cursed out, seeing the other two robbers were already speeding off in the car away from him.

Being the ninja he was, Randy used his scarf as a mode of transport to improvise as usual, a new trick he learned from comics that surprisingly worked well for his mystical ninja powers. His scarf gripped onto a lamppost, swinging forward to launch himself in the air and land directly on top of the car roof.

"And he sticks it!" Randy exclaimed, much to the surprise of the robbers as he jumped down to the front trunk.

"What the hell?!" Exclaimed the driver, his passenger getting out a shotgun from underneath the car seat.

"Excuse me, sir? Speeding and robbery is against the law."

The driver swerved the car left and right, trying to shake the ninja off the vehicle. Randy quickly summoned a ninja sword, announcing it out loud as he did; a habit he was trying to cut. Much to the robber's surprise, Randy stuck the blade on top of the trunk, hanging on tight as he was jerked around.

"I'm going easy on you!" The ninja warned. "Don't make this any harder!"

The passenger cocked his shotgun, aiming it at Randy who had to jump up to avoid the spread of pellets; which broke the front window glass upon the force.

Randy quickly recovered midair however, using his scarf to catch a flag post on a nearby building and swung himself back onto the top of the car trunk.

"Still alive." Randy commented, grabbing his ninja sword from out the car and flipped away to avoid another shotgun blast.

Much to the surprise of the robbers, their car began to stall; the sword managed to puncture the engine and disable it when it was removed. In desperation, the robbers panicked and ran out of the car â€" the driver getting two bags of cash in his hands while the other tried shooting the ninja.

Randy put his ninja sword away, sprinting towards his shotgun wielding foe with great speed as he exclaimed 'Ninja jump' and leapt into the air. It didn't take long for the shotgun to be in his arms, and Randy used the gun as a baseball bat to knock out the robber with one hit to the head.

The last robber just kept running the opposite direction, not caring for his partner as he ran as fast as he could.

"Oh no, whatever will I- Ninja throw!"

Randy chucked the now unloaded shotgun at the sprinting robber, nailing him on the head as he broke his fall on the duffle bags of cash he fell on.

Randy sighed at the sight. "What a shoob."

The crowd of bystanders cheered for the ninja, praising him as usual for his heroics in stopping the robbers. Pained groans of the robber by the ground caught his attention, just catching what he mumbled to himself before going unconscious.

"I don't want to go to school, mommyâ€"!"

The ninja shook his head at the sight, until he realized something that made his eyes widen at the mention of school.

"Oh cheese! I'm late for school!" Randy exclaimed, quickly waving to his fans. "Hey guys! Your welcome! I appreciate it! Gotta go!"

Randy didn't even get to say smoke bomb like he usually did as he disappeared, another fine day of heroics with the cops coming in to round up the knocked out robbers for their new jail cells.

Unknown to everyone below however, there was another figure hiding from the rooftops that saw the whole scene in the shadows. From the robbery to Randy's disappearance, the figure had enough information to deliver to his master; acting as one of many scouts for his return.

Everything was going according to plan.

****O-O-O****

Disclaimer: I do not own Randy Cunningham 9th Grade ninja.

2. Chapter 2

Authors note: So here is the first chapter to start off the Ultimate Ninja story I have planned. Don't expect much action here after the prologue, I want to set things up to prepare for what's to come, but I promise you that it will be worth the wait.

****Chapter 1: Late on the first day****

****O-O-O****

Norrisville High's new school year has just begun, and Randy Cunningham had to be late out of all the days. Fighting bad guys and saving the day was great and all, but Randy's heroics had been taking over much of his real life more than usual; the new crime wave in Norrisville only part of the problem.

Over the last two years, Randy had come to embrace his responsibility as the Ninja of Norrisville than he did before. Sure, he still enjoyed messing around and letting his overconfidence get the better of him in fights; but despite these flaws he manages to push through them to save the day. That didn't mean he knew everything however, there would always be something he had to learn from his mystical book, the ninja nomicon that he kept safely in his backpack when he rushed home to pick up.

"_I can't believe I'm late for the first day of school." _Randy thought to himself, jumping across trees in his ninja outfit to rush to school. _"All because of some shoobs who think they can just rob people in my town."_

Randy knew criminals like these didn't know any better than to rob others, but he still had the lingering feeling that something was off. As much as he hid it, Randy was surprised when he met these robbers "ones that looked more like mercenaries than ordinary street thugs- making him wonder if the meager criminal underworld of Norrisville was stirred up by these newcomers. It's not like Norrisville ever had a huge crime problem before, so this was new for the Ninja.

But for now, he had more priorities on his mind; such as hoping he didn't arrive too late to school.

Randy knew that after passing the few foliage, he was at the school campus and relieved to see the building ahead bustling with students entering the building. The school itself was a large white building, only two stories high with several windows across the wide expanse of the structure; the center of the building has a large tower-like area next to the front entrances with a tall clock tower towering it.

"_I really hope they're not mad at me." _Randy thought to himself, knowing that his friends were probably waiting for him still. _"I'm sure they'll understand; well, Howard wouldâ€¦ maybe."_

Quickly jumping into a nearby bush on campus, he took off his mask and one short flash later, he was wearing his ordinary clothes for school; putting his mask in his bag and made a beeline to the entrance.

Without his mask, he looked like normal sixteen year old with natural tyrian purple hair and sapphire blue eyes, built with a slim and tall appearance even without the ninja suit on. Randy wore his usual outfit, a McTop shirt with a white line that curled up to form the same simple on his nomicon and ninja suit, wearing his dark slate gray McHoodie with long sleeves and pockets to cover his shirt, his lower half he wore black McSkinnies that fit his slim frame and purple zip-up McKicks.

By the time Randy reached the entrance, most of the students were already inside the school excluding two figures who spotted him; one of them happy to see him and the other not so much.

"There you are, Cunningham!" Shouted one of the students in a familiar brash voice. "We've been waiting for your butt since forever!"

The short and chubby student talking to Randy was his best friend Howard, orange haired and brown eyes glaring at him with impatience. He wore the same brand of clothing as his friend, with a blue McTop with a squid design on it, dark green McsShorties and red McKicks.

Randy and Howard had been best friends since childhood, acting more like brothers than friends in numerous occasions; this was certainly one of those times.

"Hey Randy." Greeted the more soft spoken voice of the two, happier to know Randy was actually here.

The other more recent friend Randy made was Theresa, who he secretly had a crush on ever since his freshman years; Theresa also sharing a crush on Randy respectfully. At first, they didn't talk much in 9th grade, but every time they did it usually went well, and the two broke down their nervous barriers in the 10th grade to get to know each other better and became close friends ever since.

The blue violet haired girl seemed to have followed the pattern of the boys, wearing her usual clothing to school. She wore a long sleeved golden dress with blue and white stripes on her sleeves,

collar, around the waist and the bottom; her classic Norrisville High Twirl Team outfit, along with dark purple and white striped stockings and blue tennis shoes.

"_That girl is so prideful about her twirling." _Randy thought to himself. _"Still a cutie though."_

"Sorry I'm late, guys." Randy answered, panting as he did so. "I had to take oooout-

Randy was about to explain his morning as the ninja, but almost forgot that only Howard knew of his secret identity; Theresa still thought he was just a normal kid.

"Out what?" Theresa asked, still softly and clearly not as brash as Howard would ask.

"Outâ€¦ the trash!" Randy quickly made up a lie. "My mom wanted me to take out the trash, so uh, I took it out."

Howard silently face palmed at the poor excuse while Theresa eyed her crush suspiciously.

"It took you until eight to take out trash?"

"â€¦ It was a lot of trash."

Theresa paused for a moment before making a short smile.

"Moms can be a pain the butt." Theresa agreed, seemingly buying into the lie.

"Randy nervously chuckled. "Hehe, yeah! Those moms! Always soâ€¦ mom."

"Dude. We're late because of you." Howard bluntly explained. "All because SOMEONE wanted to wait an extra five minutes."

Theresa looked back at Howard with a more conflicting face.

"Hey! You don't even like morning class." Theresa argued.

"I don't. But Randy and I always get to choose the best seats in every class; every year." Howard countered. "We planned it all out a month before summer break."

Theresa eyed Randy with a confused look.

"It's vital to have our butts in optimal comfort positions." Randy explained to his own crush.

"Do you know any good seats in the classroom?" Theresa asked her crush, walking with the boys inside as she did.

"I recommend the middle. Not too close to the teacher, but far enough from the windows." Randy said. "Trust me, I've done this a billion times."

All Howard could do is roll his eyes at the stupid conversation Randy and Theresa were having. Not that he would have said anything

smarter, but ever since Theresa made the dynamic duo into a trio, the whole dynamic had been 'thrown out of wonk' as he put it before.

Randy wanted to talk to Theresa just as much as Howard, sometimes even more than his best friend. Of course, Howard knew his best friend wanted to get closer to her for more than just friends, and he could tell the girl was more than willing to oblige. A part of him wanted to admit he was just jealous about it all; but even Howard knew he wasn't one to admit defeat.

Also, he would lose ten bucks to Randy after making a bet about the same topic yesterday.

"So Howard." Theresa started, focusing her attention to the shorter teen. "Have you heard from Heidi lately?"

Howard didn't really like talking much about his sister. Not that he hated her or anything, just annoyed by her almost celebrity like persona in Gossip Report, her live web show about the school's various news. Every time someone asked Howard something, it always had to be about Heidi. But ever since she graduated and went to college for media studies to become a reporter, her lifelong dream; things were much different now.

"Not really." Howard replied. "Actually, I haven't heard from her in a few weeks. Probably busy being a nerd and getting good grades."

"A few weeks? She never responded to my texts ever since summer ended."

Howard simply shrugged. "My sister is like that. Sometimes she gets so invested in finding a scoop, she cuts everyone off and pretends nothing ever happened after a few weeks."

"But the whole summer?" Theresa insisted, worried for her more long distance friend.

"I'll call her myself if it helps." Howard gave in. "But you owe me lunch again."

"Thanks Howard."

It didn't take long for the trio to arrive to their classes late, and much to Randy's displeasure and Howard's glee, Theresa reached her classroom first.

"Oh! Before we goâ€¦"

Theresa quickly took out her phone, wrapping her arms around Randy and Howard as she pointed the mobile device's camera at their direction and snapped a shot of the three. The flash threw both the boys off, and it was evident when Theresa giggled at the sight of her new friends dazed in the photo while she grinned happily.

"You really should give us a heads up." Randy commented, rubbing his eyes from the flash.

"Yeah, but that ruins the surprise." Theresa countered playfully.

"Then I'll surprise you by seeing you later?"

Theresa simply smirked at the boy's lack of proper terminology.
"You're not supposed to tell me the surprise."

"I also have a surprise. We're still late!" Howard exclaimed.

Randy and Theresa said their goodbyes, letting each other go to their classrooms as Howard walked across the hallway with his best friend to their class.

"Hurry up, dude!" Howard exclaimed, running past his friend. "My butt isn't getting any more comfy walking, so I'm taking a huge risk running."

Randy smirked at his friend as he followed behind.

"_Great day to start a morning."_

O-O-O

Class went by quickly for students in Norrisville, just going through the typical welcome backs from the teachers, both old and new. Most high schools went through an introduction segment as procedure and Norrisville High was no better; even with a Ninja guardian, school was somehow still as boring and tedious as always.

The students were relieved when their last class ended and lunch time was next, rushing out their classrooms with every intention to socialize without having a teacher bore them about future lessons.

"So you were ninjaing that early?" Howard asked, wrapped up in a conversation with Randy. "No wonder I didn't see you come out of your house."

"You know I wake up early in the morning for my ninja patrol." Randy answered.

"Ninja patrol? Laaaaaame!" Howard commented.

"Crime has been getting pretty bad out there, the police need my help." Randy explained.

"Not that. Saying ninja patrol sounds stupid."

"Dude that's like; my thing." Randy defended. "When I say anything with ninja in the sentence; it's awesome. When you say, ehâ€¦"

Randy motioned his hand in horizontal fashion, making Howard frustrated over another one of their usual conversations.

"Also, you just said ninjaing around. Even I wouldn't say something like that."

"You would totally say that! Sure, maybe I would take credit if it catches on and cash in on your fame."

"I learned that lesson the hard way." Randy commented, remembering the last time something like this happened.

"Yeah, I forgot what it was." Howard bluntly admitted.

"That's why I'm the ninja."

Howard simply shrugged, his friend made a good point. He wouldn't admit it to him of course, but Randy would make the better ninja of the two.

"So anywaysâ€¦" Randy continued. "Those guys I fought still bug me."

"But you beat those shoobs easily." Howard brushed off.

"They didn't look like ordinary shoobs." Randy countered. "The robbers I beat weren't a joke, they looked almost like soldiers; with the firepower to match."

"Just kick some butt and don't worry about it."

Howard didn't understand his friend's worries. Randy was the Ninja of Norrisville; the undisputed guardian of the town, also the most awesome ninja to have ever existed.

But this robbery troubled Randy all day, he's never seen criminals like this before. They may have gotten the short end of the stick, but Randy had a strange feeling about them; that maybe, just maybe he hasn't seen the last of them. The nomicon didn't glow all morning today, this was either a sign of relief or worryâ€¦ hopefully relief.

Randy took his mind off the morning crime when Theresa playfully bumped into his arm from behind, greeting him and Howard that got Randy out of his thoughts almost immediately.

"Surprised you?" Theresa asked playfully.

"Y-yeah, actually." Randy stuttered, keeping himself from blushing at the physical contact. "Wasn't expecting that."

Theresa was about to make a remark about the boy until she saw someone she recognized.

"Oh hey!" Theresa waved to a boy just closing his locker on the far end of the hall.

The short haired boy wore a grayish white hoodie with blue jeans and black and white sneakers that seemed more like running shoes, not much of a Mcfist fan like everyone else since he seemed to have bought his clothes from smaller clothing stores. He also seemed like the athletic type; only a few inches taller than Randy and slightly more muscular.

The boy looked a few years older than the other teens, probably eighteen and a senior student. Yet his appearance didn't exactly look sociable, the glum facial expression on him seemed like he was thinking long and hard about something; something that didn't put him in the best of moods.

However, that face changed into a friendlier expression when he waved back at Theresa with a small smile, a pit of jealously churned inside Randy at the sight.

"Will!" Theresa moved past her friends, giving the boy called Will a crushing hug.

"Oh hehe, hey Resa." Will patted the girl on the back, not really in the mood for a hug but appreciated it.

"_Resa? He knows her?" _Randy thought to himself. _"Come on, Randy. They're just friendsâ€¦ They're just friends."_

"Ouch! Bad luck dude." Howard remarked at the sight. "At least you still have me."

Randy just punched Howard's arm hard, getting a wince from his friend.

"How've you been?" Theresa asked worryingly. "I haven't seen you since last spring."

"I uhâ€¦" Will paused. "I had â€¦ emergency."

"What happened?"

"Just got a little sick, uhâ€¦ Needed surgery." Will said before quickly responding. "But don't worry about it! I got better."

Will didn't seem keen on talking about it in great detail, looking at Howard and Randy to change the topic.

"Who are your friends?" Will changed the subject, much to Randy's suspicion.

"Randy." The boy held out his hand which Will shook. "And my friend here is Howard."

Howard simply replied with a 'sup'.

"William Ryder." The boy introduced himself.

"Ryder?!" Howard exclaimed. "Wait a minuteâ€¦ THE Ryder? The same one who won the national high school track championship?"

William replied with a nervous chuckle. "I didn't think track made me popular."

"Dude, you're like the sportsman of the year! You went faster than a speeding bullet!" Howard exclaimed. "I bet you're drowning in autographs and babes."

"Nah! It's not like that." William explained bashfully. "I'm not a big fan of the spotlight, so please; hold the cheers."

Randy rolled his eyes, not impressed with the guy.

"How the juice do you know this guy?" Howard asked Theresa with a hint of jealousy.

"When I first came to Norrisville High, Ryder showed me around the school on my first day." Theresa explained. "He's really nice when you get to know him."

"I'm a humble guy." Ryder admitted. "Nothing really."

"How come I've never heard of you?" Randy asked.

"Like I said, I prefer to keep out of the spotlight." William turned to Theresa. "But I don't mind making a few more friends."

"So uh, Will. Wanna hang out with my biffers?" Theresa asked.

Biffers? William could never get used to the slang around town.

"Uh, I'd love to but I got some stuff to do." Will said. "Thanks anyways."

Theresa's face drooped down in disappointment.

"But I'll go see the twirling show thing you told me about next week?"

Theresa's mood perked up at the suggestion. "Thank you, Ryder."

"No problem, Resa. I wouldn't miss it."

"You two take care." William waved to the other friends. "Stay out of trouble, eh?"

Howard seemed to love the little joke Ryder made, but Randy could tell this guy wasn't much of a joker.

In his few years as the ninja, Randy took the time to learn the lesson from his ninja nomicon that not everyone acted the way they appeared, and after taking a quick glance inside Ryder's still open locker, there was one thing that caught his eye; a small orange cylinder with minuscule lettering on a sticker.

"Oh, and Randy!" William got Randy's attention to turn around, who gave him a thumbs up. "She's a good match for you."

Randy felt embarrassed at the comment and looked away, seeing an equally embarrassed Theresa who heard Will.

"_Was it really that obvious?" _Randy thought. _"At least I don't have to be jealous."_

As the trio of friends departed, Will's smile quickly faded away, going back to his locker in the same state of depression he had found himself in all day. Taking the cylinder inside, he popped the cap open and gulped down two pills before putting the cylinder in his backpack as he muttered to himself.

"Yeahâ€¦ take care."

0-0-0

Disclaimer: I do not own Randy Cunningham 9th grade ninja.

P.S. - Slow chapter I know, but it'll get more interesting in the next chapter.

3. Chapter 3

Authors note: So this chapter was supposed to be part of the last one, but I didn't want to make it too long to start things off, so I took the time to split it into different sections in order to make the third chapter the most action packed.

This chapter will not be too action packed as well, but when the next chapter is made, I promise things will start to get really interesting since this sets up one of the MANY new villains for Randy. If you want to know about the other villains or create new ones to help out with the story, just PM me and I will be more than willing to chat.

Other than that, I hope you enjoy the new chapter.

****Chapter 2: Risk and Reward****

****O-O-O****

The rest of the school day wasn't very thrilling.

Aside from getting used to the new schedule and dealing with the random robot attack only for Randy to save the day once more, it was pretty boring. The robots seemed to have gotten less effective at fighting Randy as he grew stronger, along with losing creativity since today's bot of the week was a robotic snail.

Unknown to almost everyone in Norrisville â€" much to Randy's displeasure â€" these robot attacks were all because of Hannibal McFist, the business man who put up a show of benevolence to the town in order to gain total monopoly of Norrisville. Randy may not have liked the man very much, but even he had to admit he had a place in the town; who else would have the best products in town?

"I think Viceroy is starting to run out of ideas." Randy commented, waving goodbye to Theresa as he walked home with Howard. "That robo-snail didn't take long for me to turn it into escargot."

"I'll admit it, despite making that really bad pun about snails; the part when you threw that fireball and blew it up was awesome!" Howard exclaimed, taking out his phone.

Randy was then showed footage of the lunch break fight, right at the end where Howard managed to record the moment Randy fried the robo-snail with a tengu fireball in his brief few seconds of Ninja rage; a move he used sparingly.

"This is going to get me so many views!"

"Is it really?" Randy questioned. "Robots are getting really old, dude."

Randy had to admit, he was starting to get bored of being a ninja for

once. When he first received his powers, he was amazed at the power he held in his hands yet never let it drove him mad. Overtime, Randy came to accept his responsibilities and better himself as a ninja every day, always learning new lessons and becoming the hero Norrisville needed.

But he never thought he could get bored of his powers.

With the Sorcerer defeated, Julian back to normal, and every other foe he's ever dealt with taken care of in their own right except for Mcfist, his mad scientist assistant Viceroy and the occasional gang, Randy had gotten used to being a hero in his prime. Even though the 'Army thugs' from the morning as Randy had dubbed them worried him, he felt that he could take care of them again should more appear.

"Mcfist has nothing that can touch me." Randy gloated. "Robot apes, robot snails, not even robot amoebas."

"How was that a thing?" Howard though back to the amoebas. "Justâ€| why amoebas?"

"I'm telling you, dude. Mcfist has nothing left up his sleeve." Randy continued. "The ninja is just too much for him to handle."

"And yet the ninja still can't beat Grave Punchers." Howard remarked.

"Not unless he gets there first!" Randy sprinted ahead of his friend to his house, leaving behind a wheezing Howard.

"No fair!" Howard ran after his friend. "Not again!"

O-O-O

While Randy and Howard raced each other home for another session of Grave punchers and junk food, one person simply walked home silently and alone, preferring to go by himself and without any attention.

William was in a dark place of mind, wandering off in his own thoughts as he walked to downtown Norrisville. Life hasn't been the same for him after last spring, being diagnosed with a rare disease could change a person's outlook on life, and he didn't have the heart to tell the few people outside of family about it; popping pills on a daily basis to keep himself preserved.

"_Heh, don't have the heart." _William thought to himself. _"Still have some kind of humor at least."_

Despite the doctor's strong recommendations, William had made himself take a long walk across town; he always preferred walking to smell the fresh air over driving cars any day. He would have rode his bike on this beautiful sunny day, but even he knew that was a bad idea due to hisâ€| rare condition.

A ringtone played from his pocket, promoting the boy to take out his phone and answer it.

"Hi sweetie." Said a feminine voice on the line. "How's your first day of school?"

"Not much." William responded, forming a small smile on his face. "How's work going?"

"Long hours again." His mother responded. "I might not make it home until after midnight."

"Again? But I worked overtime at the yogurt shop."

"And I appreciate that; you're a good son and I'm lucky to have you helping me." His mom said. "But it takes more than selling frozen yogurt to pay off the mortgage."

"I guess we can cancel our movie nightâ€|again."

"I know it's hard but, we can get through this." His mother assured. "No matter what happens, we'll be alright."

William sighed. "Why did I have to get sick then?"

His mother paused for a moment. "Life can get hardâ€| things happen."

His mother stopped talking after William could hear some background chatting on the phone, before getting a hasty response from his mother.

"Sorry sweetie, I need to go. You can order takeout today when you get home."

"Alright." William said disappointingly. "Love you, mom."

"Love you too."

After hanging up, William knew what he had to do now. He had a feeling that this would happen, knowing full well what he was going to do would be his biggest risk yet, but he had to do it. Bills were piling up and his mother was struggling to pay them, not to mention his medical bills were almost due to be paid.

He needed money and he needed it now.

So after a few hours of walking led William to a Mcfist warehouse in the industrial district just outside downtown, he set his sights on the large building for his latest heist. His current job working at that frozen yogurt parlor wasn't getting enough money; but it was neat getting free frozen yogurt for being an employee.

In fact, ever since he moved from his old hometown in Louisiana to Norrisville, he had been a thief for quite some time much. While he wasn't the stealthiest person in the world, what made him so good was how fast he could get in and out of a place, gone before anyone realizes something has been stolen.

His newest target was a Mcfist warehouse he staked out before school - thanks to a friend he knew in the black market in Norrisville - he was informed of something really valuable in this warehouse of Mcfist industries. All he knew was that it was some kind of new product that

would fetch millions to the right buyer â€" specifically coming inside a grey metallic container with a special symbol of a mechanical fist on the side that should be arriving now - and at this point William would do anything he could just to get some cash.

The connection he had established was an anonymous source named Robo-V, getting his contact one day after a series of petty thefts by getting a strange note in a package delivered to him. It said the person was very impressed by his skills and wanted to recruit him for more valuable heists, and over the past few months he was getting bolder with every new mission.

"_This had better be worth it."_

After staking out across the block to wait for Mcfist's robo-ape guards to patrol away from the main entrance, William took out two more pills from his backpack and gulped them down, making a quick sprint across the street and climbed his way up and over the chain link fence.

It didn't take long for William to reach the large front doors of the warehouse, checking his sides to make sure no one saw what he was doing before easily picking the lock with a bobby pin. Once unlocked, William opened the large doors just enough for his body to slip through and closed the doors behind him before the guards could come back.

"_Huhâ€¦ that was easy."_

William turned his attention to the area he was in, blown away at what he was seeing inside.

Inside the deceptive exterior of the warehouse hid a highly technological interior, grey metallic surfaces lit with green lights across the wide and expansive warehouse area. The whirring of large cranes transported metallic containers from cargo ships, stacking them neatly across the area and made few narrow pathways for the robo-apes lifting smaller cargo or patrolling the area.

"_This is crazy. What the cheese is Mcfist up to..." _William cursed himself in his thoughts. _"Damn it, now I'm doing it."_

He didn't dwell much on the subject of Norrisville slang, now he had to find that container and get whatever was inside it to deliver to Robo-V. William saw one of the metal containers to his left made a climbable stack, making a dash while avoiding a robo-ape's sight to grip onto the top of the edge and pull himself up.

After a few more climbs to the top of the stack, William could get a bird's eye view of the warehouse, trying to spot the container he was looking for. William spotted his prize, just being brought down across the other side of the warehouse.

"_Now here comes the hard part where I hope I don't break my legs."_

Taking a few steps back, William spotted a crane close by lifting a container to the other side of another stack of containers. He sprinted across and took a leap of faith, stretching out his legs as he jumped and landed atop the container being lifted to the other

side.

Hiding in front the crane arm, William avoided the robotic gaze of the robo-ape operating the machinery, while hanging on the arm for dear life as he took calm breaths. Letting the adrenaline of parkour took a toll on his health, but it would be worth it if he could get his prize without being seen.

After the crane settled on the top position of the stack of containers, William quickly ran off to leap carefully down the stack, each time landing perfectly on the containers while making small leaps across other cranes.

William managed to get to his destination, the container perfectly placed on the bottom of the floor. As the crane that lifted the container let go and raised upward, William managed to jump again and take hold of the arm briefly, before jumping down on top of his prize container and leapt down.

In just a matter of a few minutes, William realized he was across the other side; commending his own efforts since he was timing the whole run in his head.

"_I think that's a new record."_

Seeing that the container held the same industrial lock as all others despite the fancy metallic appearance, William took out a set of heavy pliers he kept in his backpack for such an occasion, one he had spent the rest of his paycheck on, and gripped the locking mechanism tightly. Using enough strength, William managed to break the lock apart with great strain and creaked open the doors, taking a look at what he was supposed to be stealing today.

"That's far enough." Said a voice from behind to the surprise of the thief.

William turned to the source, much to his shock to find Hannibal's assistant and secret mad scientist Viceroy, accompanied by four robo-apes as an escort. William tried to make a break for it, but another four robo-apes blocked his way from his sides; surrounding the thief with nowhere else to go but to face Viceroy.

William always did have a habit with running into problems.

"You are quite a troublemaker, aren't you William?" Viceroy began. "Stealing wallets to prototypes from Mcfist Industries; I'm impressed."

"Impressed?" William inquired. "I just stole something from your boss, your really shady boss."

"But a very well paying boss." Viceroy commented. "One who pays well for talent; and then takes credit for it like the idea stealer he is, but that's irrelevant."

"How do you even know who I am?"

Viceroy gave the boy a grin.

"I think you should be asking Robo-V. After all, he was the one that

gave you the package."

It didn't take long for William to put together who Robo-V really was.

"Youâ€¦ you're my contact?"

"Yes, and I understand why you do all this." Viceroy continued. "It must be hard to live under a roof with a single mother, barely paying your bills to stay in a modest home."

William's mother worked day and night at Mcfist industries, always nonstop at doing her best while trying to provide for herself and her only son. William knew if she ever found out that he was a thief; especially one who just tried stealing from her boss wellâ€¦ he knew it would be bad, so he just kept up the honest act and used the frozen yogurt parlor as a cover for where he got his real income from.

"You're just a boy trying to help out his mother. I can respect that."

"Are you going to sell me out?" William asked with bravado, hiding the fear of being caught inside. "You better pray they lock me up and throw away the key."

"Or else what?" Viceroy raised an eyebrow.

"Uhâ€¦" William never made good threats in the heat of the moment. "I'll tell everyone what's going on here?"

"Ha! And people are just going to believe the kid caught breaking and entering?" Viceroy inquired, before changing the subject. "But I won't say anything about this, and I won't hand you over to the police."

William grew suspicious of the man, but he heard him out in silence.

"You see, I've been keeping track of you ever since you received my contact. I must say that your talents are impressive for your age." Viceroy praised William. "Every heist you made was not just a quick buck for you to make; it was a series of tests that you passed."

"Lemme guess?" William spoke up. "This was the final exam?"

"And you passed with flying colors." Viceroy confirmed. "I don't want to arrest you; I want to hire you."

That was an offer that blew the young man's mind. An offer by Viceroy to join the company for his skills? There must have been more to this offer, no way would someone like this want to hire a kid who stole to make a living.

"Does it pay better than nicking wallets?"

"Of course it does." Viceroy responded quickly. "But before we sign the contract, let's talk about yourâ€¦ condition."

"What are you-

"No need to lie. I took a quick bio scan while you were zipping around. Garrick's disease, huh?" Viceroy said inquisitively. "I had an uncle with that; nasty way to go."

"Sorry for your loss. But why do you care?" William asked more frustratingly.

"Because I have a solutionâ€¦ a cure."

William stayed silent with shock and surprise, trying to hold in his skepticism.

"I've been working on some prototype nanotechnology in my spare time, and I need someone to test it out; preferably with your symptoms since it's an implant."

William held his chest with a free hand, right where his heart was.

"You want to put a foreign object in my heart?" William doubted the claims of the mad scientist. "I prefer it if you didn't poke holes in my guts, thank you very much."

"Rather than fix the ones you already have?" Viceroy countered. "I need someone to use this on, I made a promise to my uncle to find a cure and I plan on keeping it."

William thought about the opportunity. Could he really get his heart fixed up like that? Just one implant later and he could be normal like he used to, go back to the things he loved to do and live the life he should have lived? It seemed so easy for him to grasp onto this small chance on a company known to make the best products in the state; maybe even the country.

"Could it work?"

"Well, I wouldn't know for sure unless I tested it out, will I?"

William knew there had to be more.

"â€¦What's the catch?" William asked, unsure if this was a good idea.

"If the chance to cure you is not enough, maybe getting a steady job in our company with good pay would help." Viceroy continued to tempt the boy. "You'll have a wage so high, your mother will never have to work those long hours again. You can finally spend time with her like a real family. Not to mention we can cover your medical expenses that you've been dreading for some time now."

"I'llâ€¦" William hesitated, but only for a brief moment. "I'll do it... But why me? Why all this effort and offers just to have me work for you? I don't even like your products all that much."

"Let me answer that with a question; how far are willing to help your mother?"

William took a deep breath, answering as truthfully as possible. "I'd die for her."

Viceroy knew he had the boy in his hands, the mother truly motivated this child.

"Are you willing to kill for her?"

William was taken back by the statement.

"Kill? Jesus, man! I'm not a murderer." William protested.

"I guess you don't want my help then." Viceroy said casually.

He turned around and walked away, commanding his robo-apes to step away and let Ryder free to run off.

There was no way William could just give this up. This was the closest thing he had to an opportunity to truly help himself and his mother, and he was not going to throw it all away because he was scared of killing someone. Granted, he would never live himself down if he took a human life; but sacrifices had to be made if it meant putting back his family life again.

"Wait!" William called out, making Viceroy stop in his tracks. "Who is it?"

All part of his plan, Viceroy turned around and took out a metallic orb, activating a button on it to project a holographic image of the hero of Norrisville; The Ninja.

"Kill him, and everything you could possible need and want is yours."

"I can't believe this!" William said to himself in disbelief. "How do you expect me to kill the Ninja? He's the Ninja!"

Viceroy chuckled as he walked past the boy, opening the container door from before to reveal the sole object inside a high tech cylindrical stand. What was inside floating in its cylinder container was some sort of round and flat object, with a metallic shade of dark grey and a red glow of crimson in the center.

"My boy, your cure is also your greatest weapon!"

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Disclaimer: I do not own Randy Cunningham 9th grade ninja.

End
file.